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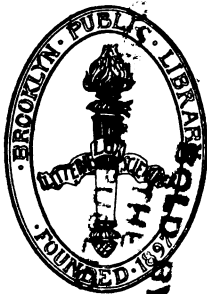
ATALA
AN AMERICAN IDYL

and Other Poems

by

ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN

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ATALA

A N A M E R I C A N I D Y L

A POETIC DRAMATIZATION OF THE WORK OF
CHATEAUBRIAND

With Original Poems

BY

ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN

AUTHOR OF

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM," AND OTHER POEMS

"Poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history."—PLATO

NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

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PREFACE

The exquisite idyl of "Atala," in which Chateaubriand paints, with glowing language, the beauties of America, and embodies the Indian legends and forest lore, seems of special interest to all lovers of our country and its history.

ANNA OLCOTT COMMELIN.

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ATALA

By CHATEAUBRIAND

Dramatized by Anna Olcott Commelin

ACT I. SCENE I.

Argument.

CHACTAS, son of the warrior, Outalissi, son of Miscou, goes to battle with his father Outalissi against the Muscogulges, a powerful nation of the Floridas. Areskouï, god of war, and the Manitous are unfavorable, and Outalissi is killed. Chactas is wounded twice, and carried to St. Augustine. An old Castilian named Lopez compassionates him, and takes him to live with him and his sister. They become very fond of him, and educate him with care, but the young Chactas, after thirty moons have waned, pines to return to savage life. He enters the room of Lopez, dressed in the garb of a savage, bow

and arrows in one hand, and European garments in the other, which he returns to his generous protector. He addresses Lopez, falling at his feet :

Lo, at thy feet, behold thy ingrate son !
The wounded stripling thou didst cherish well.
Scarce had the leaf falls numbered seventeen
When to the deadly combat I was called
With Outalissi, warrior famed and proud,
The Natchez chief, from Meschacebe's banks,
Who boldly fought the Muscogulges fierce.
But Areskoui favored not our cause
Nor Manitous. My father brave was slain,
And I, who sought to save him, wounded twice.
Great Spirit ! Would that I had followed him !
But thou, Castilian noble, heard my tale,
And, moved with pity, took me to thy heart,
Taught me thy language, masters didst procure,
And made thy home, thy sister's home, my own.
But after thirty moons had waned at length
A spell came o'er my spirit. Long I stood
In contemplation of the distant woods,
Or still I sat, watching the stream's slow course,
And thinking of the forests whence it flowed,
And for the desert wild my soul would pant.
My native land ! O father, I must die
Or know once more the free, the savage life !

Lopez. What dost thou mean, boy ? Whither
wouldst thou go ?

I am astounded! Thou to leave the home
Where thou hast been adopted as a son?
Dost know the menace of thy deadly foe?
Thy life shall be the forfeit, if again
Thou fallest victim to thine enemies.

Chactas. Forgive, O father, if thou deemest me
Unworthy all thy love and care for me.
A child of nature, her free life is mine.
I pine,—I long to see her wilds again.

Lopez. Go then, my son! No longer shall I dare
Oppose thy wishes. Each one for himself
Must learn in his own breast the chosen way.
Take thou thy course. Were I but youth again,
I'd follow thee back to thy desert's home.
Alas! remembrance sweet I too have there.
Forget me not! and wheresoe'er thy steps
May turn, reflect that thou didst find
True hearts to minister in thy sore need.
God of the Christians, guide, protect this son
Of my adoption! Save him from the foe!
Bear him in safety to his forest home.

*(Chactas sets forth, is lost in the woods, and meets
a party of Muscogulges and Seminoles, as Lopez
predicted.)*

A Seminole speaks: A stranger! 't is a Natchez!
note his dress!

The feathers on his head proclaim his tribe!
Seize him and bind him! Let him not escape!

The Chief, Simaghan, speaks: What is thy name?
Chactas. Chactas it is, O Chief,
The son of Outalissi, Miscou's son,
Who scalped twice fifty of your heroes' heads.

Simaghan. O son of Outalissi, then rejoice!
In the great village thou shalt die by fire.

Chactas. So be it.

*(Chactas sings the death song. The women crowd
around and talk to him.)*

Hadst thou a tender mother, when a babe?
Was thy moss cradle hung on maple boughs?
And rocked by gentle spirits of the air?
Hast ever seen a white hind in thy dreams?
Did the trees' murmur whisper tales of love?

Chactas. O women, matrons, maids, fair are ye all
To man from infancy to feeble age.
As babe he feels the touch of your sweet lips;
Your magic words can banish all his pain;
Yea, life of life he drinketh from your breasts.

Women. We give thee cream of walnut, sagamite,
And bring thee greenest mosses for thy couch;
We smile upon thee, fair young prisoner,

And cheer thee with our songs. Alas! we weep!
Soon thou shalt die in torment in the flames!

(Night comes.)

Chactas. I hear a murmur in the rustling grass,
Half-veiled I see a woman by my side.
The flames from yonder forest pile reveal
A face all beauty and a form of grace;
Her soft, sad eyes are full of tenderness,
Her long, dark lashes heavy are with tears.
Gleams on her breast a golden crucifix.
Art thou the maiden of the last fond love?
Full worthy art thou for the heart's first throb.
Thy loveliness would make me cling to life.
Go! let another, happier be thine!
The vine adorneth the majestic oak.

Atala. Thou dost mistake, for I am Atala,
And not the maiden of the last sad love.
A daughter of great Simaghan am I,
He of the golden bracelets, chief in war.
Art thou a Christian?

Chactas. I do not forsake
The genii of my hut.

Atala. I pity thee,
Idolater. A Christian maid am I,
Pledged by my mother.

Soon we go from here
To Alachua, where thou art to die.

(With these words, Atala rises and vanishes.)

SCENE II.

→ (*Alachua. Chactas is tied to the trunk of a tree, a warrior by his side.*)

Chactas. Day after day the weary march went on,
Night after night had sleep's refreshment fled,
But in the darkness, Atala drew near
And charmed my gaze and heart with tender spell.
At length the green savanna fair appeared,
Set in the hills, whose summits high are crowned
With copal, oaks, magnolias, lemon trees,
But here I'm bound!

(*Atala appears by a fountain, near a sweet gum tree.*)

Atala. Huntsman, dost thou not wish
To chase the roe-bucks swift on yonder cliffs?
Thy prisoner I'll guard while thou art gone!

(*Atala and Chactas alone together.*)

Atala. Thy fetters are but weak: thou canst
escape.
Let me unbind them! Save thyself! Oh, fly!

(*Chactas seizes the cord and puts it in Atala's hands.*)

Chactas. Take back thy gift!

Atala. Alas! has reason fled?
Ah, hapless youth, thou seemest to forget
That thou wilt perish in the cruel flames.
How else canst thou escape, for dost thou know
I am the daughter of a sachem bold?

Chactas. Alas! I too once, wrapt in beaver-skins,
Clung to my mother, knew my father's hut,
But now I wander homeless and alone.
Soon I shall be no more, nor lives one friend
To save my ashes from the winds that blow.
(*Atala weeps.*)

Chactas. Alas! if but thy heart would speak like
mine!
Is not the desert free to all who seek?
In the green forest we may make a home.
O thou more bright than youth's first dream of love,
O my adored! come share the wilds with me!

Atala (tremulous). Wouldst thou deceive thy
friend, the Indian maid?

Chactas (rapturously). Am I thy friend?
If so, one boon I beg
I, the poor slave, doth ask of thee one kiss,
One kiss, so sweet, as pledge of our true love.
(*Atala kisses him.*)

Atala. O youth so dear! why did I grant thy
wish?

For whither shall this passion lead us on?
Since barriers exist, which naught can change.
O mother! What is it that thou hast done?

Chactas. Thy words have thrown me in despair's
black depths,
I, who had hoped to win and keep thy love;
But thou shalt find me cruel as thyself.
Thou shalt behold me in the burning frame,
And see my tortured flesh, and hear my groans.

Atala. Alas! Alas! must my heart melt in tears?
Hapless my fate who cannot fly with thee!
O shall I plunge within the fountain's depths?
O let us fly the darkness of this cave.
But fly thyself, O Chactas, leave me, fly!

Chactas. Without thee, never! bind me once
again,
Else to the camp alone I speed my way.

*(At night Atala comes again, leads Chactas to a
forest of pines, and begs him to fly.)*

Chactas. The moon shines silver on the pine trees
tall,
The air is heavy with the amber sweet,
And love is heaven, and heaven is love with thee.
(Atala kneels and prays.)
God of the Christians, help me keep my vow!
(Four warriors approach.)

Warrior. Double his fetters now, and crown his head

With flowers, with vermilion paint his face
 And blue, and in his ears and nose tie pearls
 And in his hand then place a chichicoue.
 Hark to the conch! now Mico, our great chief,
 Orders the council, calls the sachems wise
 To the great building, where the cypress trees
 Make the tall columns, in three circles wide.
 Fifty old men are seated on the steps
 Wrapt in their beavers, in their midst the chief,
 For war, half-painted, holds the calumet.
 Matrons are there, in swansdown flowing robes;
 And chiefs of warriors, tomahawks in hand,
 Sit at the left with feathered heads and wrists
 And blood-stained arms. The council fire is lit,
 And balm and fragrant incense rise in clouds.
 A juggler with an owl upon his head,
 And with a train of long-robed followers,
 Pours copal on the flames with sacrifice
 And sacred rites and worship to the sun.
 Then, in the room, a collar is thrown down
 Of blue, by Mico, and a sachem speaks.

O father, Mico, sachems one and all,
 Matrons and warriors of the Eagle tribe,
 And ye of tortoise, beaver, and the snake,
 Change not the customs of your ancestors!
 Abate not courage! burn the prisoner!
 Heed not the counsel of the red men's foe!

Full of all evil are the white man's plans.
I give my pledge of faith unto you all,
And with it I throw down a collar *red*.

Matron. O father of the Eagle tribe, you join
The penetration of the cunning fox
With the wise prudence of the tortoise slow.
O let us strengthen friendship's goodly tie,
And plant together the fair tree of peace.
No longer let us hear the victim's groan!
May the fierce customs of our ancestors
That chill the blood and shock humanity
Be changed forever! Bring the calumet!
Unbind the stripling of the Natchez tribe!
No more disturb our infants yet unborn
With groans and pain and agony of death.

*(Murmur of council, sachems, warriors, matrons,
all talk together, with conflicting opinions. At last
ancient custom prevails, and Mico says :)*

Our fathers' customs are our customs still.
With tortures meet for him shall Chactas burn!
Bind him and guard him for his coming doom,
But let no desecration mar this feast.
While lasts the holy rite, no man shall die!
The solemn scene, the banquet day of souls;
For now, erected in the lonely wilds,
The hut is ready, and from far and near
We come to venerate our ancestors,

Whose sacred relics are brought forth to view.
The winds come wailing through the forests drear,
The storm roars in the swollen cataract.
The old men tremble, and to amity
And peace they swear upon their parents' bones,
And follow then the games and maidens' dance.

Juggler. Oh, Kitchimanitou, be near us now!
And overcome great Matchimanitou!
I sing of Ataheusic and her mate,
Expelled from Heaven for disobedience,
And evil earth stained with fraternal blood.
Jouskeka, impious, bereaved of life
The good Tahouitsarou. Then the flood
Burst o'er the world at the Great Spirit's voice.
Alone in his canoe was Nasson saved,
A raven sent to find the land again
And fair Endae, from the world of souls,
Brought to her mate by Music's sweetest strains.

*(Games over, sacred relics are deposited in spacious
grave, dug with funeral dirge.)*

By the river Chata Uche lay the sacred bones again,
All their warfare over, ended, no more labor, no
more pain.
Matrons, maidens, weep no longer, mourning, sor-
row is but vain;
For no more they hunt the beaver, nevermore they
scalp the slain.

Gone to dwell with Nature's Spirit, Spirit of the
Sun and Rain!

Mico. The sacred dirge is ended. In the wood,
The grove of blood, let cypress, pines, and elms
Be felled at once, the pile erect, and all
Made ready for the rite of death and place,
That all may see the Natchez when he dies.

Savage. From off his forehead I would tear the
skin!

Second Savage. Better with hatchets hot to burn
his eyes!

Chactas. True man am I!
I do not fear to die!
Nor fire nor stake
My will can break,
Weaker than women, you!
My father, warrior true,
Son of the great Miscou,
Slaughtered your heroes bold,
Cut from their foreheads cold
Trophies of scalps, from their skulls drank
Blood when they sank.
No sigh from my heart,
No tear-drop shall start.
True man am I,
Fear not to die!

(Provoked, a warrior pierces his arm with an arrow.)

Chactas. I thank thee, brother.

Savage. Bold he is and brave.

Mico. Make ready! Haste! for low the setting
sun
Is sinking in the west, the dusky eve
Doth drape the woods in darkness.

Juggler. O beware
Lest thou offend the genii of the night!
Wait, O great Mico, till the coming dawn.
Order the dance, kindle the fire's glow,
Stretch Chactas on the ground, and bind with cords
His neck, and tie to spears sunk in the ground
His hands and feet. Place guards upon the ropes
And he shall not escape our vigilance.

(After a time all sleep except Chactas. He communes with himself.)

At this sweet hour, the Indian mother wakes
To press her first-born closer to her breast.
Alone with thought and deadly fate I lie.
The last faint flicker from the wood-piles low
Shows evil portent in the murky sky.
O Atala, hast thou deserted me,
For whose sweet sake, I brave a bitter death?
The moon's bright rays dart through the fleecy
clouds.
I see a tall, white form. Lo! is it thou?

Atala. My hand upon thy mouth to stop thy
speech

While I unloose thy chains. One cord remains.
The guard lies stretched upon it! Softly! Lo!
I loose it!—but the warrior awakes!
I cease; he stares, and knows not who I am,
But fancies me the genius of the place;
Invoking Manitou, he shuts his eyes.
Hist! Chactas! rise in haste to follow me
In stealth past the enclosure! On we speed!
Now yells resound, the savages pursue
With flaming torches. In the lurid light
I see their forms, and now the whole camp wakes!
Dogs bark and children, in their terror, shriek.
But we escape and in the solitude
Of the lone desert we shall be at dawn!

(Morning in the desert.)

Chactas. O what felicity thou Spirit great
Hast granted! Atala, my beauteous love,
Herself doth give, forever to be mine!

(Chactas throws himself at her feet.)

Men are poor beings, fairest Atala!
But atoms mere when genii visit them!
Thou art my genius! thou dost visit me!
How shall my gratitude make speech to thee!

Atala (with melancholy smile.) Thou will not fly
alone. I needs must make
Escape for thee. I bribed the juggler wise,

Gave fire's essence to the watchful guards,
And, at life's hazard, sought to set thee free,
Who gave thy life for mine. Idolater!
I give thee weapons, and I dress thy wounds
With leaves of papaia, and with my tears.

Chactas. A healing balm you pour upon my
wound!

Atala. Alas! I fear it is not healing balm,
But poison flowing from a blighted heart.

Chactas. Northward we bend our course with roving
steps,
Guiding our path with moss upon the oaks.
The desert spreads its boundless solitude,
Where stray we, lonely, helpless, and forlorn.

Atala. I worked for thee a cloak of bark of ash,
And moccasins made of the musk-rat's skins.

Chactas. On lonely graves, I found these purple
blooms,
And weave the mallows in a wreath for thee.
I place the red azalea on thy breast,
Whence gleam the scarlet flowers on the snow.
We swim the river, sweet, like two fond swans,
Thy hand upon my shoulder. Look, beloved,
Behold the hanging moss upon the oaks.
So white it gleameth, that, when night draws near

Yon lonely oak a spectre soon will seem,
 Enveloped in his shroud-like drapery.
 But now the azure jays, the shining flies,
 The humming birds and mosses velvety
 With brilliant color all the landscape paint.
 The lofty cedars, swaying in the breeze,
 Rock in their airy nests the birds to sleep.
 I give thee, O beloved, the moss to eat,
 The bark of birch and maize and sumach wine.
 Sometimes I find for thee the lotus flower
 With purest draught, like hope in sorrow's heart.
 Why seemest thou so melancholy, Love?
 Sometimes thy fond eyes gaze into my face,
 Then, shuddering, thou turnest quick away.

Atala. As shady groves, in sultry heat of day,
 As verdant landscape, decked with flowers of spring,
 O, my beloved, thus I cherish thee!
 As thou didst slumber on my breast one day,
 Thy light locks straying on my drooping face,
 Methought I felt a spirit touch anear.
 The young birds sport on slope of Occona,
 And I have listened to the wise man's speech,
 But nought are sweet to me as are thy words.
 Alas, that I can never be thy wife!

Chacras (aside). Whether to worship or to hate
 this maid
 I know not, since with hope she leadeth me
 On, but to plunge me in the deepest gloom.

(Chactas and Atala embark in a canoe that Chactas has made, and sail down Tennessee River, and pass village.)

Chactas. This is the village Stico. See the huts
Deserted, and the pyramidal tombs.
There stands an Indian hunter motionless,
On his bow leaning, on the rocky peaks.

Atala (sings). Happy they who smoke of strangers'
feasting
Behold never!
Happy they who at their father's banquets
May sit down ever!
Nonpareille, from Florida's savanna,
Why dost complain?
The blue jay of the Meschacebé says,—
Thy pining vain.
Dost thou see the shades and fruits and forests,
The waters clear?
Nonpareille doth say, while ever sighing,
Oh, far from here,
Beneath the yellow jessamine is hid
My nest so dear.
Happy they who smoke of strangers' feasting
Behold never! etc.

(Atala prays.)

O mother dear, absolve me from my vow!

(Atala to Chactas.)

Dost hear those groans, my friend, and dost thou see
Those flames that dart about me from the ground?

Chactas. These are but fancies, dearest; heed them not!

I clasp thee in my strong and tender arms,
And here I 'll build a hut and spend our days.

Atala. Think what thou owest to thy country,
friend!

A warrior hath his duties to fulfil!
A poor weak woman I! take courage then!
O son of Outalissi! murmur not
Against the destiny decreed to thee!

Chactas. The moon of fire foretells a coming
storm,

The parrots hide in hollow cypresses,
The sky doth darken. In the wilderness
How still! but list! dost hear a distant peal?
'T is thunder! how it echoes through the woods!
Clasp thou my arm! beware the marshy ground,
That sinks beneath us. Slow we force our way
Through arch of smilax, with its long sharp spines.
I lift thee in my arms, for 'neath our feet
The creeping lianes, net-like, set their snares.

Atala. I hear the rattle of the poison snake;
My eyes are blinded with the wings of bats;
The wolves and panthers rend the air with yells.
The darkness is so dense thou canst not see
The way, save when the lurid lightning flash
Makes visible the firmament unveiled,

With whirling cloud, with oceans fierce of flame,
Columns of smoke, disgorging thunderbolts,
And crash of shattered trees, and torrents' roar
And hissing lightning. 'T is the wreck of earth!

Chactas. I hold thee on my knees and warm thy
feet;

My body shall be shield and prop for thee.
I feel thy tears drop on my burning cheek.
O Atala, thy heart unfold to me!
How sweet to tell our thoughts unto a friend!
I see! thou weepest for thy native hut!

Atala. O child of nature, wherefore should I
weep?

The land of palms was not my father's land.

Chactas. Thy father lived not in the land of
palms?

Atala. Before my mother brought to Simaghan,
As marriage portion, oxen, beaver-skins,
And oil of acorns, mares, and treasures rich,
She had a white man for her first fond mate.
But she was torn from him and forced to wed
Great Simaghan, by all revered as Chief.
But I was not the child of Simaghan,
But daughter of the Spaniard—her first spouse,
And like herself, I am a Christian too.

Chactas. Who was thy father, then, poor orphan
child?

What was his name among the sons of men?
How was he called among the genii?

Atala. His feet I never bathed. I only know
He lived at St. Augustine and with him
His sister dwelt, and Lopez was his name.

Chactas. Daughter of Lopez! oh, my sister thou!
My benefactor's child! O Atala!

Atala. What dost thou mean ?

Chactas. Thy father was my friend!
My kind protector and my father too!

Atala. Brother!

Chactas. Sister! nay, let a nearer tie
Be ours with nuptial pomp to grace our love.
Thy beauteous head reclines upon my breast.
I taste the sweetness of thy rosy lips.
Entwined I hold thee, dear one, in my arms.
To Heaven I turn my eyes in these drear wilds—
To thee, Great Spirit, O Eternal One!
The forest trees that bend their lofty heads
Form verdant canopy for bridal couch;
As hymeneal torches seem the pines
That flame. The torrents roar and mountains groan.
Sublime the storm which crowns our marriage
rite.

(Thunderbolt fells a tree close by, forest fills with smoke. They fly. Sound of bell is heard and barking of dog. A venerable hermit with lantern in hand appears.) ←

Hermit. Blessed be Providence! I've sought
you long!

In storms like this we ring our bell at night,
As signal for a straying traveller.
We teach our dogs to track the wanderer's step.
Mine followed yours when the fierce storm began.
Good God, how young they are, poor children lost!
Praise the Almighty! great His mercy is!
Take this bear's skin, young maiden, and this wine!

Atala. Heaven sent you here to save me, Chief
of Prayer!

Chactas. Old man, what heart is thine! dost thou
not fear
The lightning's flash, the crash of thunderbolt?

Hermit. Fear! when I knew the peril that as-
sailed,
The danger to my fellows from the storm?
The servant I of Christ?

Chactas. But knowest thou
That I am not a Christian?

Hermit. Did I ask
What thy religion? Christ did die for all!

Glory to God, but not to humble priests,
Weak men, but tools of the Omnipotent.
But base the soldier who forsakes the cause,
Cross in his hand, his forehead crowned with thorns.
I am a pastor in these deserts wild;
My cell is near. Come, follow me, and rest.
Though poor, it will be refuge from the storm.
Return to the Most High thy grateful thanks.
Alas! how many now must refuge crave!

ACT II. SCENE I.

Chactas (to hermit). Blessed serenity of the
pious man!

A balmy peace exhalet from thy heart;
Thy words assuage the tempest in my breast;
Thy voice doth seem to calm the elements,
For see the storm abateth, fainter still
The far-off thunder echoes through the woods.
We climb the steep and craggy mountain heights.
I bear thee, Atala, upon my arm,
We following our new-found friend and guide.
Tall is his stature, and his furrowed face
Doth tell of mastery o'er passions gained.
Yonder the old man's cell, its entrance choked
With ivies and the humid tangled gourds.
Dost see the cave,—its mat of papaia?
Its stone and Bible, and the crucifix?

(They enter the cell.)

Hermit. Sit by my firelight glow. I bake a cake
Over the cinders, and I offer you
Cream of the walnuts in a marble vase.
The clouds do scatter in the eastern sky ;
The burning forests in the distance blaze ;
The rivers overflow in oozy waves.

Atala. Alas, O Father, our unhappy fate !

Hermit. Dear child, thy sufferings offer up to
God !
Tranquillity He will restore to thee !
He who dispels the raging tempest's blast
Can heal the deepest wounds of heart of man.
I will provide you with a little hut.
Chactas I shall instruct, and by and by,
When he is worthy, I shall give him thee !

Chactas. I kiss thy feet.

Hermit. 'T is nearly thirty years
I 've dwelt within these wilds, in this lone cell ;
The wandering tribes were few here, when I came,
And fierce their customs, wretched, too, their life ;
I made them understand the Word of God,
And taught them arts and true simplicity.
Here, at the mountain's base, in unison,
They live together as one family.
Apart from men, alone I contemplate
God's greatness in these boundless solitudes,
And here I wait the coming on of death.

(Hermit and Atala kneel in prayer, then go to the cell.)

Hermit (to Atala). A bed of cypress moss I
spread for thee.

Chactas. Her languid eyes are heavy: let her rest.

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Chactas. Atala sleepeth, but the warbling birds
Woo me to wander by the hermit's side
Through avenues of oak trees to the lake,
Where lies the Christian village by its side.
How dost thou govern in thy colony?

Hermit. I give no laws. I teach my people *love*
For one another, and to pray to God
That they may find a better world at length.

Chactas. The Indians surround us and about
Their pastor cluster, while he counsels them.
Some kiss his garments, others aid his steps,
While mothers place their children in his arms.
Thus they escort us to an altar rude
And fall upon their knees a cross beside.
The priest, in vestment white, with sacred rite,
Raises on high the consecrated host.
O mystery! not only on the earth
But in my heart I feel that God descends!

ACT III. SCENE I.

(Chactas and Hermit return to cell. Atala does not appear.)

Chactas (to hermit). O you that Heaven doth help!
 Oh, penetrate
 Into the shades and bring my Atala!
(Aside.) How weak is he, ruled by his passions strong!
 How strong is he who rests his hopes in God!

(Faint groans are heard, and by torchlight Atala is seen, pale and dishevelled, eyes obscured by film of death, lips trying to smile.)

Hermit. 'T is but a fever slight. Take heart, my son.
 Resign ourselves to God. In His good name,
 He will compassionate His children still.

Atala. O Father, 't is the cold, cold hand of death!
 O Chactas, hear the secret I concealed—
 My mother vowed me to the Virgin Queen.
 O fatal vow that brings me to my grave!
 Before my mother died she said to me:
 "Daughter, the vow that I have made for thee,
 Thou knowest, 't is thy mother's sacred pledge.
 Come, my beloved, and swear with crucifix
 That thou wilt keep the contract made with Heaven.
 If thou refusest, then forever more
 My soul will wander in eternal pain."

O Mother! O Religion! O Beloved!
Felicity and torment I have known—
O Chactas! now thou knowest all my grief!
I clasped my dying mother, taking pledge
To all she bade. The awful words were said,
The scapulary binding me for aye,
With malediction should I break my vow.
She breathed her soul out in a last embrace.
Full of the fervor of my Christian faith,
Proud of the Spanish blood that filled my veins,
Happy was I to be the spouse of God!
Beholding men unworthy of my hand.
I saw thee, young and beauteous prisoner!
I wept for thy misfortunes and I felt
For the first time the horrors of my vow.

Chactas (to Hermit). Is this religion that you
praise to me,
An oath bereaving me of Atala?
Your God is hostile to great Nature's plan.
Man! Priest! what art thou here for in these wilds?

Hermit. To save thee from thyself, impious youth!
To turn away the wrath of Heaven from thee!
How dost thou dare repine against thy God?
What are thy merits? what then hast thou done?
What needy hast thou helped, O wretched man!
Thou canst but offer youthful ardor's glow,
And dare arraign high Heaven. When thou hast
Spent years of exile on the mountain top

Thou wilt not lightly then accuse thy God!
Then wilt thou learn thy knowledge is but nought,
That thou thyself art nothing: thy deserts
Would bring but torment for thy blasphemy.

Chactas. Low at thy feet a suppliant I beg
Forgiveness for my rash impiety!

Hermit. Not unto me bow down, nor pardon ask;
No more unworthy servant than myself
Has the Omnipotent. But thou must not
Accuse thy God. Forgive if I offend.
But let us heed your sister. Why despair?
O Chactas, 't is sublime religion
Which makes a virtue of the brightest hope.

Atala. My tortures thou hast witnessed, dearest
friend,
But know small portion of my suffering.
The negro toiling on the burning sands
Is less forlorn than wretched Atala.
Entreating thee to fly, yet knowing well
That I should perish, if thou didst forsake,
I followed thee into the wilderness.
If it had been the loss of mine own soul,
Alas! no hesitation had been mine!
But, O my mother! 't was thy spirit near,
Pursuing and reproaching me with groans—
I saw the flames of hell devouring thee!
My sleepless nights were haunted with thy ghost.

The day renewed despair, and evening dew
Dried on my fevered skin and burning breath.
Afar from haunts of men in desert way
I knew a bar to all our happiness.
Supreme felicity to know thy love,
To share thy toil, and spend my life with thee,
What dreams of love distracted all my thought,
In transport wild! When the Great Spirit's voice
Reproved with warning, oft the longing came
For wreck of nature, if, claspt in thine arms,
We sank together in the dread abyss.
Before me opens out Eternity,
Before the Judge of all I soon shall go.
I die a martyr to my mother's vow.
Alas! I carry even to the grave
The wish that I were thine!

Hermit. Daughter, not so!
Sorrow disturbeth thy bewildered brain.
Nature doth not endow with love's excess.
So, unto God, it is less criminal.
'T is but thy mind's unreal delirium,
And not the act of an unworthy heart.
So, too, dear daughter, with thy maiden vow.
God doth not crave excess of sacrifice.
Then cheer thy broken heart and courage take.
Seek the Almighty all thy wounds to heal.
If 't is His will to bring thee back to life,
The Bishop may absolve thee from thy vow.
A happy life with Chactas may be thine.

Atala (convulsed). I swoon! — I faint! —
 Then all had not been lost?
 There had been absolution from my vow?
 O must I perish at this very time?
 O had I known it sooner, noble friend!
 Chactas! Felicity! the Christian faith!
 Consoled by thee, dear Father, in the wilds,
 Ever with thee! O bliss too great for words!

Hermit. Comfort thyself, dear child, and soon
 for thee
 Shall be a woman's happy lot in love.

Atala. Ah, no!

Hermit. Why not?

Atala. When thou didst clasp me in thy tender
 arms,
 Reclining on thy bosom yesterday,
 Ready for love to break my sacred vow,
 To plunge my mother's soul in hell's abyss,
 The malediction fell! thou didst not know
 Thou wert embracing death!

Hermit. What hast thou done?

Atala. A crime! a dreadful crime!
 I 've lost myself!
 But mother, O my mother, thee I saved!

Chactas. Proceed!

Atala. My vow! I knew my danger and I
brought—

Hermit. What, poison!

Atala. Yes, it tears my tortured heart!

Hermit. We lose the precious moments, Chactas;
then
Like Christians we will face the storms of fate.
Let us implore God's mercy! Even yet
It may not be too late!

Atala. Alas! Alas!
There can be no avail, no remedy
Can antidote for me the subtle draft.
My hand in thine. Is it not stiff with cold?
But yesterday, at touch of my beloved,
My whole frame trembled. Now my hand is numb;
I scarce can hear thy voice. Do the birds sing?
Faint grows each object to my dimming eyes;
The sun is setting now. How bright 't will shine
Upon my tomb in the lone wilderness!
Forgive me, friends! Alas, to die so young!
My heart is full of love! O Chief of Prayer,
Compassionate, support, and aid me now!
O mother, art thou satisfied at last?
Will the Great Spirit pardon me my crime?

Hermit. Daughter, thou didst not know! from
ignorance

Arose misfortune. And thou didst not know
A Christian may not choose to end his life.
God will forgive thee, but not guiltless they,
Thy mother and the priest who forced thy vow.
They over-passed their power, but may the Lord
In peace abide with them, for God will judge
The heart and not the deeds of men. But thou,
My daughter, if thy time is come to sleep
In the Lord's bosom, little dost thou lose
In leaving earth, for 'neath the cabin's thatch
And in the palace hall doth sorrow dwell.
Queens weep and tears flow from the eyes of kings.
Dost thou regret thy love? As well, my child,
Regret a dream. Dost know the heart of man?
Canst reckon the inconstancies of love?
Sooner canst count the sea-waves in a storm.
Care comes and tears to all who live and love.
What are affections of this mortal world?
For you the robe of white and virgin's crown;
Methinks I hear the Queen of Angels call.
Come, mystic rose, unite thyself to Christ.
The bier shall be thy chosen nuptial bed,
And ne'er forsaken by thy Spouse divine,
Whose love shall be eternal.

Atala. Words of peace
Are thine, O Father, with their healing balm.
Chactas, I crave forgiveness!

Chactas. Forgive thee?
I am the cause of all thy woe.

Atala. Sweet friend,
How happy thou hast made me! I would choose
Our desert life with love's felicity
To long existence in my native land.
Untie the crucifix about my neck;
Wear it in memory of Atala!
If thou didst love me, young idolater,
Embrace the Christian faith, oh, faith divine.

Hermit. The hour is come. We seek Omnipotence!

Chactas. I fall upon my knees in sudden awe,
Prostrate beside the feet of Atala.
The priest brings forth, unveiled, an urn of gold
From secret place, and low before it bends.
A sudden light illumines the grotto rude,
Floats on the air celestial melody,
Lo! on the mountain side is God Himself!

Hermit (to Atala). With sacred oil thy temples I
anoint.

Chactas. O Father, will this oil restore her life?

Hermit. Yes, everlasting life!

(*Atala dies.*)

BURIAL SCENE.

Hermit and Chactas.

Chactas. Atala lieth on a bed of green,
A faded flower in her long, dark hair;
Her lips like withered roses seem to smile,
The veins show purple on her marble cheeks.
Her beauteous eyes are shut, her white still hands
Hold to her heart a cross of ebony.
O double sleep of innocence and death!

Hermit. It is the hour of burial, my son—
We bear her to her last low resting-place,
We place the lovely maiden in her bed:
I scatter earth upon her tender form.
Her snowy bosom like a lily looks
That lifts its fair head from the verdant mould.
Lopez, behold thy son! behold thy child!
Chactas, the son of Outalissi brave,
While lived thy love, I pressed thee to remain
Here in the desert. All is altered now.
Thy native land doth claim thee. Be thyself!
Go! be a comfort to thy mother's age!
Behold the light of morning in the east,
The birds are singing yonder on the cliffs.
Grief cannot be eternal. The Most High
Will send His balm of healing to thy soul.
The spirit of thy love will follow thee.
O Atala! farewell to Atala!

Oh rest in peace at last, belovèd maid.
Thy love, thy exile, thy untimely death
Shall hallowed be in tender memories.
O Atala! farewell to Atala!

FACES.

IN the eye that lights to meet us, and the face that
smiles to greet us

Are the shadow of the future and the impress of
the past;

And the cheek that, in its dawning, flushed as rosy
as the morning

Shows the outline of its beauty, as it fades away
at last.

And the little children's faces, 'mid their dimples
are the traces

Of the maiden's glowing beauty and of manhood's
brow of care;

And the prophecy of gladness, and the shadow of
the sadness

To the thoughtful eye that gazeth are they lurk-
ing ever there.

But the faces that are nearest, and the faces that
are dearest

Are the true, the tender faces that our trust and
loving win;

Then, when comes to them the shading, when the
roses shall be fading,

Like the vase, with light illumined, shall we see
the soul within.

PEACE.

IN the golden days before us, in the days that are
to be,
When each man and child and woman breathes the
air of liberty,
When Oppression knows no victims, when Ambi-
tion, nobler grown,
Gives to others of the power it has counted all its
own,
When the rulers use their office only for their coun-
try's weal,
When to God and human freedom is the altar where
we kneel,
When the whole glad earth awaking yields its treas-
ure unto all,
When no longer bondsmen's voices, serf's or child's
in pleading call,
When to slaves of all conditions are unloosed their
binding chains,
When no more with desolation in Armenia slaughter
reigns,
When the few do not hold garnered all the wealth
by toilers won,

While the many work no longer from the morn till
set of sun,
When no more does Labor's menace thrill the land
with warring cry,
And no longer youth and children in life's bitter
conflict die,—
Then, and not before, the goddess, Peace, may come
to us to stay,
Whose fair face appears in beauty, but to vanish oft
away.

Child of Themis, could she ever see a wrong to
Justice done?
When the scales were even balanced, then the
daughter's heart was won.
Could she see with scourge and lashing suffering the
meanest slave?
Better then Bellona's coming,—better death unto
the brave,
Than that right should be o'er-mastered, honor,
principle, be lost,
If a nation's foul abasement, shame, and outrage be
the cost.
In the mythologic legend, Themis, deep below the
ground,
She, a Titan, with the Titans, in the dread abyss
was bound.
But below the brazen portals of the cavern's gloomy
deep,

In the darkness of the chasm, Themis knew nor rest
nor sleep.
Cyclops clamoring for freedom made of slavery an
end,
With escape from black Tartarus, Saturn turned
their foe to rend.

So beneath a surface calmness, wrongs that fester
hide away,
Giants, forging bolts of thunder, for a future judgment day.
See we to it, sisters, brothers, that our slaves shall
find release,
Make way for her place among us, for the white-robed angel, Peace.
All the past with war's dark record, down from rude
barbaric age,
With a tale blood-red with carnage blotteth History's grim page.
Never poet can or painter, with his rarest, finest art,
Hallow field of Austerlitz or glorify a Bonaparte.
For no battle can be righteous save for cause of
liberty,
For the uplift of the lowly or to set the bondman free.

Oh, the noble men and women who are striving by
their might

To roll back the clouds of error and reveal the coming light,
When the wisest counsel heeding men shall rule by reason's sway
And on earth no sound of warfare shall be heard in the new day!

Irene, Themis, Peace, and Justice,—each to each so closely bound,
Seek we the celestial mother, then the daughter will be found.
When are stilled the notes of discord, when right triumphs and wrongs cease,
Thou wilt come from blue Olympus, and stay with us, holy Peace!

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I 'd see my path of duty,
So straight and plain, without a curve or bend,
And walk upon it, without swerve or falter,
From life's beginning straightway to its end.
I 'd be so strong, so faithful, and so true,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I 'd live upon a pittance,
And save up money for a rainy day,
And never buy a pretty gown or jewel,
Or take a bit of pleasure by the way.
And then I 'd be so cheerful,—never blue,—
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, and friends that knew you longest
Would hurt and wound,—advice unasked would
give,—
I 'd still forbear and cherish all their virtues,
And ever with them in contentment live.
I 'd be so constant, faithful through and through,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you and found some gentler women
Who gave you sweetness, trust, and sympathy,

I would not turn to them for consolation,
But seek alone the barren friendship tree,
Nor try to find a broader, mental view,
Ah, no, I would not,—not, if I were you!

And if a man should help you with his friendship
To braver purpose or to nobler deed,
I 'd do without his presence and incentive
Lest all the gossips' tongues, thereby, should
speed.

Although it take from life its pleasures few,
I would, if I were you.

If I were you, I 'd stay in old enclosures,
And be consistent all the way along,
No matter what the stress and strain of life is,
Temptations, trials, sorrows, loss among.
All this and more I 'd do,
I would, if I were you.

But for myself, as I am just a woman,
I 'll take what help and gladness I can find,
Nor make a pledge of absolute perfection,
And all my way to hard heroics bind.
Content to think, with kindly deeds as leaven,
While here I dwell I lose no hope of heaven,
And so withal, at last I may not rue
Not doing as—I would, if I were you!

CHÂTEAUX EN ESPAGNE.

WHO has not dreamed of a castle in Spain?
Land of sierras and skies of deep blue,
Air sweet with orange and citron perfume,
Vales bright with myrtle and roses' rich hue.
White lies the snow on Nevada's steep heights,
Down in the valley the pomegranate glows,
Nightingales sing in the trees' verdant shade,
Eglantine over the river brink flows.

Country of lofty peaks, precipice, streams,
Crag, beetling cliffs, wide plateaux, and ravine,
Home of romance, where each mountain becomes
Height of Parnassus, each fount Hippocrene.
Stern Andalusia, rock-ribbed and wild,
From thy white summits Granada looks down;
Guarded with alcazar, tower, and scarp,
Stands the Alhambra, cloud-capped, as its crown.

Land of the desert, the chasm, and wastes
Boundless as ocean, grand, rugged, and bare,
Plains of Castile and La Mancha wherein
Subtle is sadness that breathes in the air.
Chivalry, honor, and legend, and song

Lend to Hispania's story their thrall,
Shadows may darken and foes may prevail,
Rampart and turret and battlement fall,
Yet, in the storm, if the walls are abased,
Wondrous the charm that will still linger there.
Mighty Iberia! home of the Moor,
Even in overthrow, fairest of fair!

Have we not all dreamed of beauty afar,
Sunshine so bright in which minarets gleam,
Archways and arcades and portals and halls,
Peak of Albaycin in morning's first beam?
What if in ashes the palace lies low,
What if we stand on the green esplanade,
Only the barbican left to our view,
Fortress and stronghold and tower betrayed!
If but the threshold alone we have seen,
Has the rare vision been idle and vain?
Eastward the dawn has been bright with its rose:
Have we not all had our castles in Spain?

EDWARD BELLAMY.

FROM heights celestial dost thou look below
And see the sacred fire enkindled here?
Through all the lands of earth afar and near,
Wherever weary human feet may go
In stress of darkened ways, despair, and woe,
While despotism reigns and toilers fear,
And slavery its hydra head doth rear,
For thy brave word for freedom shall it glow!

No sheik's domains nor suzerain's were thine
With serfs or bondsmen waiting what behest
Thy humor's change of life or death should bring.
Thou needed not a long ancestral line,
By countless children of oppression blest,
Who, for thy plea for them, would crown thee king!

ISOLATION.

A YOUNG soul sought to wander from the path
Where trod her mates. "Oh, come," she said to
these,

"Into some broad new way where open out
More light and freedom, where the secrets strange
Of life and death and mystery of birth
May be revealed. The milestones worn and old
And time-stained, on the narrow beaten road
I read not." But they would not follow her.
"Stay with us," they said; "the path is narrow
And no view on either side. The hedges
Dense shut off the vista wide, but many feet
Have trod the road, and found their peace at last,—
Thy fathers and our fathers and our friends,—
And at the end is certainty and rest."
She asked no more, but softly to herself
She said, "My love will climb those heights with
me,"

And, ere the honeymoon had waned, she led
His willing feet out to the open way
Where winds blew fresh and free and sunny skies
Had charmed her sight. "I breathe at length," she
said,

As, hand in hand, they wandered on to seek
The upland path. And sense of freedom first
Exultant filled their hearts, and new-found joy
That larger prospect grand might be revealed.
But by and by, when they had wandered far,
And sat upon the greensward, side by side,
He said: "Here let us rest nor farther seek,
Content with love and this fair scene below,
Nor follow out the dizzy path beyond;
Already thorns have pierced thy tender flesh."
" 'T is beautiful," she said, "but fain would I
Go on with thee until my questionings
May find reward, more light, more certainty
Of all the bright beyond." " 'T is far enough,"
He said; "the path grows rough and steep, and on
Forever mayest thou go, nor understand
More clear than now." So down the mountain
slope
They took their way. The years sped swiftly on
And children sweet made glad their hearth-stone
warm;
But oft she thought upon the mountain view
And longed to see. Too thorny was the road
For little feet. She could not take them there;
But oft to friends she spoke of her desire,
And one would say, "I go part way with thee";
And one, "Thou goest far—it is not meet
For any"; and yet another, "Seek not
What lies beyond that dizzy height at all."
But most said: "Safer is the olden road;

Return, ere it is yet too late for thee."
But once her longing mastered all her fears,
And on she sped beyond the thorny steep,
And up the heights she pressed, with bleeding feet,
To see no limit to the vast beyond,
Life, death, and mystery of being yet
All unrevealed! Night cometh on apace.

IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.

UP in the north are the spurs of Shandaken,
Serrate and velvet and misty and blue;
Straight is the line of the Shongam to eastward,
Mountain of verdure and emerald hue.
Buckwheat in blossom and far on the upland
Patches of yellow corn gleaming like gold;
Meadow and valley in lush tints of summer,
O'er the sky azure cloud fleeces are rolled.
Winding through lowland with ripple and murmur,
Where the Rhodora in blossom gleamed pink,
Stealing through sedges and darkling in wood ways,
The wanderer meets us, the stream Neversink.

Here it flows on at the foot of the mountain
Of green, living green, from its base to its crest;
In the still crystal each tint is repeated,
Each leaf, every tree shows again on its breast.
Near by buds the gentian, and there blooms the
primrose,
Fragrant and pale on the grassy campaign;
Heart of great nature, to breathe in thy beauty,
And rest in thy bosom is gladness again!

In the ravine courses on the clear river,
Asters and jewel-weed blow by its brink,
And the wind wafts us its gentle susurrus,
The glide and the dance of the stream Neversink.

Tarns, waterfalls, with their tints iridescent,
Dashing headlong over boulders of gray,
Brightest at eve when the silvery moonlight
Glances and beams on the shattering spray.
On Walnut's peak like the waves of the ocean,
Sullivan's hills in their swelling lines seem,
Region of woodland, of mead, and of canyon,
Fair in the grasses the pure waters gleam.
Hiding away, then again re-appearing,
Still near its birthplace to linger, I think,
Where the birds carol and zephyrs are blowing,
Eddies and sparkles the stream Neversink.

WHEN SPRING-TIME COMETH ON.

WHEN Spring-time cometh on,
When the first wind-flower lifts its fragile head,
And purple violets faintest perfume shed,
And earth her robe shall don
Of emerald velvet sewn with dots of gold,
Shall I thy face behold?

When Spring-time comes again,
When fruit-trees deck themselves in bridal white,
And bush and shrub with living bloom are bright,
And the soft, gentle rain
Falls on the wold and droppeth in the mere,
Wilt thou be here?

When Summer shall return,
With wealth of chestnut bloom and crown of flowers,
With hum of bee and bird and drowsy hours,
In her face shall I learn,
While all her glowing, ripened charm I see
Aught yet of thee?

When Autumn shall have sway,
When golden-rod and purple asters show

In beauty where the maples deepest glow,
And light with flame the way,
And barberries in coral shall appear,
Wilt thou be near?

When Winter draweth nigh,
And wraps her ermine o'er earth's clay cold breast,
And every tree in jewelled sheen is drest,
If I for thee shall sigh,
Shall I, in home's familiar fire-lit place,
Behold thy face?

Through change of seasons told,
Through Spring with elm-tree buds and tender
green,
And lavish Summer's pageantry of scene,
Through Autumn's red and gold,
And Winter's frost and jewelled tracery,
'T were vain, O Love! earth's fairest things to see,
Afar from thee.

O Love! what guise soe'er
Thou takest, and in whom thy dwelling-place,
Albeit form unlovely, fair thy face!
O gift of Heaven rare,
Fairer than light of day, than all things fair—
Thou art beyond compare!

AT LONG BEACH.

A STRETCH of white and shining sand,
It gleams along the level strand,
Its crystals sparkle at my feet,
In blue the sky and ocean meet
Onward as far as eye can reach.
I hear the sea's deep rune and roar,
Its billows break upon the shore
In crest and foam, with ruby glow
And tints of amethyst below.
Oh, summer glory at Long Beach!

The changeful spirit of the sea,
Whether in calm of majesty,
It moves the waves in rhythmic play,
Or whether clothed in sullen gray,
In storm with surging, heaving breast,
It writhes in trouble and unrest,
A wondrous tale it tells in each.
When the wild billows headlong leap,
Stirred from the waters' hidden deep,
A moving liquid wall it rears,
And close and closer still it nears,

As if to hide in overflow
An isle of emerald and snow.
Oh, storm-tossed ocean at Long Beach!

But green as haunt of bright Undine,
The meadow lies the sea between,
And the still azure of the bay,
A marvel at the close of day,
When earth and air transfigured show
Illumined in the sunset glow,
And thought is thrilled too deep for speech.
The clouds are jasper, rose, and flame,
The darkling waves reflect the same,
Over the gold a lace-like spray
Foams on the billows' molten way,
The ocean, sky, the island fair,
Gleam with unnumbered colors rare.
Oh, sunset glory at Long Beach!

WE ASK IN VAIN.

MY little bird within his cage is singing
His gay, sweet song;
With joyous melody the room is ringing
The whole day long.

Beyond his gilded cage he has no dreaming,—
His all, his home:
No care beside e'er shades his happy seeming—
No wish to roam.

But when, his gate unlatched, I bid him enter
The mansion wide,
Where rooms and halls diverge as from a centre
On every side,

He mutely stands to turn and gaze and wonder
At space so vast,
Relations old and sense secure, asunder
Are rent at last.

So when with midnight's radiance streaming o'er us
From earth we gaze,
To worlds on worlds and spaces vast before us,
Our thoughts we raise;

We mutely stand to look in awe and longing
 Upon the sky,
Where suns and stars and planets fair are thronging
 In majesty.

Where ends creation? where is its beginning?
 Is our refrain,
From the dread silences no answer winning,—
 We ask in vain.

UNDINE.

IN all romance's fairy land,
No brighter form, I ween,
Created is by poet's wand
Than thine, O sweet Undine!
With hair of gold, with airy grace,
With girlish shape and winsome face.

Thou 'rt kin to every living thing,
By nature given birth,
To birds with glad song caroling,
To varying shapes of earth.
Thyself a form all joy and light
Art near to wood and water sprite.

And though the poet's fond ideal
Has given thee living form,
Thou art a type of all things real
In life aglow and warm.
Each human form, each human heart
In nature's All is but a part,
And kin to all things here are we,
To bird and fawn and plant and tree.

And like a fawn or water-sprite,
Or idle wind that blows,
With merry prank and spirits light
Thy happiness o'erflows.
At one with nature's every mood,
Thou findest friends in stream and wood.

But when a soul in thee is born
With care and thought opprest,
Then love and life mysterious dawn
With sadness and unrest.
And kin to bird and plant, I ween,
Akin thou art to forms unseen.

TO 1901.

BACK from the primeval dawn,
From chaotic, nascent life,
From the rudest savage age,
Up through violence and strife,
From barbaric lower forms
Slowly upward toiled the race,
On through progress and advance,
Step by step to higher place.
Forward with the growing mind,
Onward with a ceaseless tide,
And a current's steady flow
Spreading, reaching far and wide.
On to peoples with their pride
Of dominion, power, elate,
Up to chieftains, rulers, sheiks,
On to kingcraft and to state.
On to intellect's great march,
Up to nobler realm of thought,
And to all its patient search
For humanity has wrought.
Delving in the earth for lore,
Learning secrets from each star,
At its bidding lightning serves,

Sends its messages afar.
Wresting, too, from wind and wave
Forces on its purpose sent,
And from nature's wealth of store
Power to wisest uses bent.
Binding countries wide apart,
Daring continents to span,
Turning all things to his will,
Marvelous the work of man.
Art and music, poesy,
Romance with its fire aglow,
Joys creative—these he brings
All their charm on life to throw.
Up from faintest spark divine
Pressing forward to the goal,
He has striven—he has found
In his toiling—nobler soul.

But some shadows linger yet
Darkening the radiance all
Casting blight on fairest things
Whereso'er they touch and fall.
Still remain with us to-day
Remnants of barbaric age,
Nineteen hundred's records show
War on its historic page.
Slaughter cruel, merciless,
Deeds, alike that desecrate
With the sanction of the law
Both our country and our state.

Only One has given life,
Only He to whom we pray,
Has not He and He alone
Right to take that life away?

And another shade remains
While the fruitful, teeming earth
Yields its bounties, yet in want
Countless children still have birth.

In the future, far away,
Seers, prophets, poets plan,
Passing of the order old,
Dawn of brighter day for man.
We have followed in the march
Those the highest light who seek,
We, below, may glimpses catch
As they pass from peak to peak.
Who shall be the greatest then?
Not a king for regal state,
Never man for wealth untold,
Nor for crown of potentate.
Only he of purest heart,
He, all royalty above,
Who has caught the vision clear,
Revelation of his love.
Wise as greatest general,
Asking no reward or place,
Seeking with his Godlike gifts
New conditions for his race.

May the New Year as it dawns
See the nobler work begun.
Honor those who in its cause
With their faith have vision won,
For they stand above the clouds
In the halo of the sun.

DR. RICHARD SALTER STORRS.

GREAT leader! who for more than fifty years
Upon thy Master's services did wait;
And all thy noble gifts of mind and heart
Unto His ministration consecrate;
Whose lofty teaching and whose lofty life
In rarest harmony together met,
Upon our shadowed city comes thy loss
Like sudden darkness when a star has set.

For not alone in all our civic ways
Thy strong appeal for all things fair was heard,
Nor yet for pride of intellect's advance
We valued most thy charm of speech and word.
Thy ever-glowing faith in God and Christ,
Thy never-failing hope of Heaven's rest,
For these, O honored priest of the Most High,
We count thy mission here with us as blest.

At the baptismal font the babes to thee
Were brought; and glad the little children came
For thy salute and gift, and young and old
Caught from thee fervor, and revered thy name.

Gone thy grand presence, and no more thy voice
Aids in the sacred services we love;
Thy face so calm we 've looked our last upon,
Thy spirit mounted to its height above;
But still thy work with us shall yet go on,
Thy Ægis on thy church on earth abides.
Thy teaching was not vain: The faith imbued
Will stay and guide whatever loss betides.

As in thy benediction "every one"
Felt all its gladness—now beyond our sight
Thou art forever, yet the future years
Will be illumined, as they speed, with light.

MURILLO'S MAGDALENE.

I GAZE upon thy soul-lit eyes upturned,
And oft I marvel that Murillo's grace,
In holy thought and holy musing learned,
Conceived the wondrous beauty of thy face.
What glow of sacred genius in him burned!
No stain of earth upon thy brow I trace.
Was face of mortal ever seen so sweet?
Was face of mortal ever seen so fair?
Lies on thy neck, unbound, thy silken hair,
Which dried, with golden threads, thy Master's feet.
Methinks those eyes that saw thy risen Lord
Have held the glory in them evermore,
And high above all earthly thoughts they soar
To dwell in heaven and see the things of God.

SPIRITS TWAIN.

THROUGH paths unfrequented,
All noiselessly and as the lightning fleet,
By airy fancy or by sweet charm led,
We pass, on wingèd feet.

By day aloft we soar,
Piercing the heaven's limitless blue dome,
By night its glittering starry splendors o'er,
Close, closer still we roam.

Then to the sapphire sea,
Where liquid emeralds and rubies glow,
Down into coral depths and treasures we
Close, close together go.

Sometimes a darker spell
From saddest memory lures us with its trend,
Past the dark cypress, in the yew-tree dell,
Where over graves we bend.

We heed no bolt or bar,
But enter at our will the palace gate,
With no credentials, but as guests from far:
We neither stand nor wait.

We know no bond nor mete,
In sky, in cloud, on sea, in air, at home;
On mountain peaks afar, with silent feet,
O'er all the earth we roam.

Close, close, how close we cling!
Nor marriage-rite, nor thou, O child most dear,
Nor friends long-tried and ever true, can bring
Soul unto soul so near.

How finely tuned are we!
We know true hearts below the forms of speech,
Between us twain is subtle sympathy
Closer than love can teach.

Yes: where have we not been
On land, on sea, on cloud, or sunny sky,
What places dark, what spots so fair we 've seen,
My thought, my thought and I!

THE MELODY.

OH, solemnly and slow
Those deep bass notes are sounding,
Those deep bass notes are sounding
So solemnly and slow;
While harsher chords, revealing
Sad dissonance of feeling,
With wail like miserere, follow the music low.

But list! above the strain,
In clearest, liquid sweetness,
In clearest, liquid sweetness,
Far up above the strain,
An angel voice is singing,
A melody is ringing:
On spirit wings our souls to heaven mount with its
pure refrain.

How like it is to life!
The solemn music throbbing,
The solemn music throbbing.
How like it is to life!

With chords of sadness thrilling,
With dissonances filling
Our souls with wail of sorrow, with mortal anguish
rife.

But catch the strain above,
Sweet strain, divine and holy,
Sweet strain, divine and holy,
Ah, catch that strain above!
One joy, receiving, giving,
Makes all life has in living,
The melody we hear through all. sweet strain of
human love!

GALATEA.

COLD, sculptured form, with downcast eyes and
face,

Whose quiet calm no throb of life doth know,
Sealed in thy marble stillness thou dost show
No light of joy nor sorrow's darker trace,
Till, warmed by love, from pedestal's high place,
Thou steppest to Pygmalion's side below,
A peerless woman, rosy in the glow
Of wondrous beauty and surpassing grace;
Thy gentle spirit, innocent of art,
Meeteth rude welcoming from baser minds,
And greetings harsh at length are thine alone.
So, wounded, like the stricken fawn, thy heart
Its fairest dreams unreal illusions finds,
And, chilled, for refuge, turns again to stone!

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

FOLLOW, with single aim, thine upward way,
Nor stoop earth's dreary monotone to know,
Its sordid undercurrent, dark and low,
But onward, scaling still some height each day,
In majesty serene as morn of May,
Ne'er heeding whispers subtle of thy foe,
Nor fairest praise, with motive base below,
Sing thine own song, and chant thy heart's own lay.
Then, to a fellowship with spirits great,
Whose souls in affluence of thought commune,
More regal pomp than purpled livery,
Than jewelled sheen or panoply of state,
Thy soul in harmony and finer tune
With kings and queens of realms of thought shall be!

A VIOLET.

VIOLET, violet,
In the dew of morning wet,
Hiding in the leaves and grass,
Breathing fragrance as we pass,
Blooms no flower like to thee,
Bloom of blooms thou art to me,
Violet, violet.

Violet, violet,
Gem of blue in emerald set,
Honored in the olden days,
Homer sang thy beauty's praise,—
Wheresoe'er thou hast thy birth,
Known and loved o'er all the earth,
Violet, violet.

Violet, violet,
Every grace in thee has met,—
Garlands for the hero's head,
Sacred to the Roman dead,
Meet for cheer and festival,
Tenderest for bier and pall,
Violet, violet.

Violet, violet,
Meanings rare in thee we get.
Love and truth and modesty,
These are priceless symbols three.
Work of nature's finest art,
Purpling in thy leaves' green heart,
O thou English violet!

Violet, violet,
Ne'er shall fragile floweret
Fade without a tribute meet,
Hallowed, fond, and dear and sweet;
For deep in a hidden shrine
Lives within this heart of mine
One whose eyes were violet.

Violet, violet,
Who that knew him can forget
In his life the blossom's grace
Shining in his noble face,
All his manhood's crown above,
Truth and modesty and love,
He who loved the violet?

Violet, violet,
For a stainless life regret
Toucheth nought that he has done.
He has wrestled, fought, and won.
He hath sown: shall he not reap?
He who closed his eyes in sleep,
In his hand a violet.

SINCE HE HAS DIED.

IN MEMORIAM. J. C.

OH, the charm of life on a winter day,
When the sky is blue and the sun shines bright,
And the city streets and the wooded way
And the leafless trees with the snow are white,
And the joy and cheer of the Christmas tide!
They are less to me because he has died.

The rapture and thrill of the early spring,
When the world awakes at Ostara's call,
And the veery comes and the birds take wing.
In velvet the meadows are mantled all.
The blossoms of white deck the earth as a bride,
Less fair is it all—because he has died.

The crown of the year in the summer glow
When the cloud fleeces fleck the azure sky,
And the incense breathes and the flowers blow
And the blooms are gold on the chestnuts high.
The glory and wealth of the season's pride
Hold a shade for me—because he has died.

And the autumn's pomp when the maples burn
And their scarlet leaves fall thick on the grass,
When the tints of green into yellow turn
And blend with the flame on the mountain pass,
And gleam on the hills and the valleys wide,
But it seems less glad because he has died.

But I always think since he left us here
Of the ones he helps who are with him now,
Who have followed him—they, the dead and dear!
They 'll know him there by the light on his brow,
And they are so glad who are by his side,
Aye, gladder to-day because he has died!

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

O CHRIST, the Light, to Thee,
Adored, revered, alone,
The heart's impassioned plea,
Its secret throb is known!

Its hidden weight of care,
Its heaviest slow beat,
Thou knowest in our prayer,
When prostrate at Thy feet.

There 's nought in human life,
From maze of foes malign,
Of bitterness and strife
But what has, too, been Thine!

O man of sorrows, Thou,
Acquainted well with grief,
Give, as we humbly bow,
Our aching hearts relief!

Homeless Thy way and lone,
No place to lay Thy head,
Jeers for Thy dying moan,
Mocking for anguish dread!

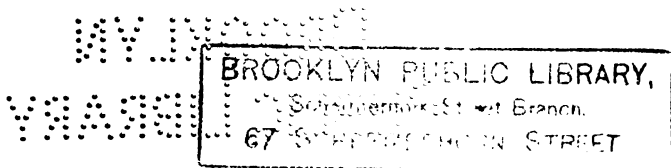
No suffering to-day
Is ours, no kiss of foe
To wound us or betray,—
But what Thou, too, didst know!

And if, alone, each one,
Wrestles in agony,
Ere crown of life be won,—
Thou hadst Gethsemane!

When pales the waning light,
When clouds their darkest lower,
Come Thou, in mystic rite,
In the glad, solemn hour.

Then, all the sorrow o'er,
Thy feast its blessing brings,
The past is light :—before
The way illumed, and sings

The spirit once again,
From its dread shadows free,
The sorrow and the pain
Are turned to victory!



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